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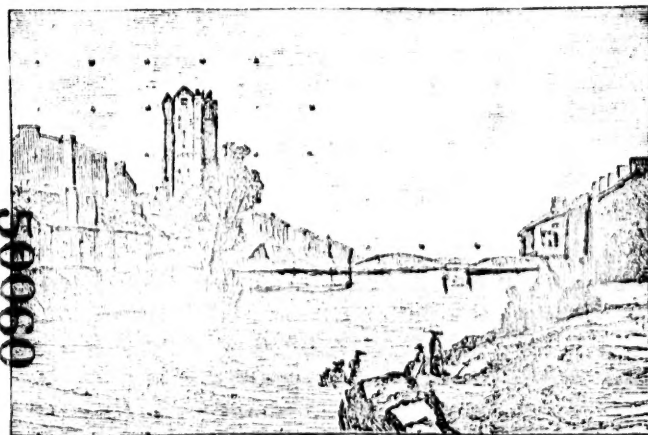


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BRITISH CHILDREN
IN
CANADIAN HOMES.

BY
ELLEN AGNES BILBROUGH.

WITH PREPARATORY NOTE BY
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., EDINBURGH.



BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
1879.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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I HAVE very great pleasure in introducing to the public the following record of Christian labour in a department of philanthropy which has only of late years been appreciated and cultivated. The title, "British Children in Canadian Homes," so far explains the nature of the enterprise, but the reader must go straight through the brief eight chapters of this little volume in order thoroughly to understand it, and be roused up to a proper interest in it. Both as a scheme for the training and employment of our British juveniles, and as an outlet to our overflowing population, it is as practical as it is large-hearted and far-seeing. It has already achieved wonders; it is capable of achieving more. God's blessing on it, and on its noble-minded brave-hearted conductors, has already crowned it with honour and success. But the field is vast, and the enterprise is really only beginning to be valued. Bound up, as it now is, with the philanthropy, the patriotism, and the Christianity of our land, it is ready for a fresh start, and a larger effort. If the Churches would consider it, they might greatly help; and if our statesmen would only be persuaded to see in it a scheme worthy of a statesman's support, much more might be accomplished.

Its conductors, I may be allowed to say, are not only among the bravest, but among the most modest and unobtrusive labourers I ever knew. Self is nowhere seen: and we do not hear of "*my* work," "*my* mission," "*my* helpers," or "*my* subscribers." The mind of Christ is

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visible throughout. The self-denying, self-concealing spirit pervades the operations. The workers allow the work to tell its own blessed tale. They might, if they pleased, tell no common story of self-denial and hardship and weariness, by sea and land, in Britain and in Canada ; but they let us know only as much of their endurances as is required for making known the work itself. They are ambitious of nothing but of success. It is not notoriety that they court, but the prosperity of their unique enterprise. It is not praise that they seek for, but the welfare of those hundreds of British waifs whom they have snatched from sin, and learned to love as their own children.

I have yet another reason for the pleasure I feel in commending this volume to the public. My intimacy with Miss Bilbrough is of long standing, and my affection for her has not decreased with years. As one of my Kelso Bible Class I knew her, I shall not say how long ago ; and because of my past connection with her, almost since she was a child, I feel something like a parental interest in her work, and a parental satisfaction in seeing the position which, by the Divine blessing, she has been enabled to occupy. May she to the end be kept as prayerful, humble, and self-denied as she has hitherto been.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Edinburgh, April, 1879.

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CHAPTER I.

THE WAY OPENED.

AMONG the many efforts made in the present day for the benefit of the human race and the alleviation of their sufferings, none we think has met with more success, or more blessed results, than the transplanting of young children from the haunts of sin, misery, and want in the old land, to homes of comfort and plenty in the new.

For eight or nine years this work has been steadily carried on by various instrumentalities, so that now upwards of 4000 children have been settled in Canada ; and, consequently, we are able to speak with knowledge gained by experience with some certainty as to the results.

Ten years since the desire of working specially for Christ was given to me. But where should I labour? Looking round on the vast population of East London, it seemed almost hopeless to attempt real reformation among the adults. What about the children? Swarming in the courts and alleys, many of them surrounded with evil influences at home and abroad, and so soon getting to an age when help was of little avail. They might be rescued if a kindly hand were held out to them now.

My first efforts in a night school for older boys, held by

the devoted worker, Mr. George Holland, in George Yard, Whitechapel, were certainly not very encouraging. The language, habits, manners, and clothing (or want of it) of the children convinced me that to benefit them effectually something much more thorough must be attempted.

About this time I became acquainted with Miss Annie M'Pherson and her mission work among widows and match-box makers, carried on at the Home of Industry, Spitalfields, London; a specially interesting work, and one which has been much honoured by God.

Here I laboured for some months among the destitute and homeless boys who were being gathered in. It became a problem what was best to do with these rescued children, how to start them off in life, so as to make room for the mass of equally needy behind them. Work was scarce in England, boys at a discount, but across the Atlantic hopeful tidings came. So Miss M'Pherson writes, Christmas, 1869:—"My longing is to send forth, as soon as the ice breaks, 500 of our poor boys that have been gathered in, to the warm-hearted Canadian farmers. In the meanwhile, who will help us to make outfits and collect passage money, that there be no hindrance when the spring time is come?"

This appeal was nobly responded to by our English sisters, and the first detachment of a hundred well-clothed, well-trained, fine-looking lads sailed in the s.s. "Prussian," 12th May, 1870, accompanied by Miss M'Pherson, Mr. L. W. Thom, and myself.

A mother is naturally fond and proud of her first-born, and it is with somewhat of this feeling that we regard the boys of the "first hundred," most of them now grown up to manhood, and doing well for themselves.

The leading principle of this work, "Have faith in God,"

was strongly tried when we landed at Quebec, lonely—yet not alone; unknown—yet well known; powerless—yet having an Almighty leader, and all through the succeeding years of joy, and sorrow, light and shade, His faithfulness has often been severely tested, and still firmly stands the test.

It is pleasant now to look back and trace the Lord's leadings in little things. Awaiting us in Quebec was a letter from an aged lady in Belleville, saying "She had heard of our coming, would we leave some boys at Belleville, where homes were awaiting them?" We did so, and this eventually led to the offer of a Home in that town, mainly through the earnest and hearty efforts of our constant friend and helper, the Hon. B. Flint.

Mr. Fisson.

We quickly learned to value the blessing a Home would be, as we passed from Quebec to Montreal, Montreal to Toronto, Toronto to Hamilton, scattering our ever decreasing family till the last one, Thomas Sligh, was adopted.

This plan of distributing was not satisfactory, we needed a shelter to take our children to at once, time given to recruit after the voyage, a place where applications could be received, delicate children cared for, and the froward again brought under kindly influence and training; so that the offer of a house rent free at Belleville was gladly accepted.

Then in August another party of 70 lads was brought by Mr. Merry, and another of girls, widows and their children, in September, by Miss M'Pherson, who had returned for them during the summer, making 270 the first season.

And now the real work of the Canadian side began. We have abundance of sunshine and "blue skies," but now and then clouds and shadows, and so we found it. Some of the children were returned; others came back complaining of

hard work, &c., and we soon ceased to look for perfection either in children or employers, but sought to lay in a stock of patience, forbearance, and hope, ready for every emergency.

Three important principles we found essential if our work was to be a success:—

1st. Efficient training in a Home in the old land ; as much love and kindly influence as possible brought to bear on the children, forming such a contrast to the previous life that it could not fail to make a permanent impression, including not only careful attention to education, habits, and manners, but an education in which the salvation of their souls should be the highest aim.

2nd. That this training must be continued in the Home on this side while they remained with us, and the door ever kept open to receive them again if necessary.

3rd. That after the children are placed in homes our influence and care must not cease ; as far as practicable they should be visited annually, complaints attended to, arrangements as to wages, clothing, schooling faithfully carried out ; advice and loving counsel given, and the old friendly feeling kept up. This we look upon as one of the most important branches of the work ; it has been faithfully and steadily carried on for seven years by Mr. L. W. Thom, now studying for the ministry at Queen's College, Kingston, and since by his successor, Mr. George Roberts.

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESSIVE WORK.

THE year 1871 was a full and busy one. The ice had been broken—times were prosperous—help needed—children in demand—our pleasant home on the Bay of Quinte full of earnest workers, and successive bands of happy children (from the arrival of the first 150 in the lovely dawn of a bright May morning)—is still remembered by many. Miss Lowe, now in India, Miss Geldard, Miss White, Miss Ker Williamson, Mrs. Foster, Miss Barber, were our guests, and rendered our work, in its earlier stages, much valuable assistance.

The children made excellent pioneers, and a visiting tour among them and the kind people who have taken them, was, and is, a most enjoyable one. Here let me express to many, how often our hearts have been cheered and encouraged, by the free hospitality and loving friendship given by those whose patience has sometimes been sorely tried by a wayward boy or girl.

The busy summer of 1871 was ended—friends had returned home—the winter's work fairly begun, when, on the 28th January, 1872, after midnight, and during a furious storm of wind and snow, our Home was discovered to be on fire; only those who have gone through a similar experience know the terrible feeling of powerlessness and fright, as the living flames carry all before them in resistless fury. God, ever ready to help in time of need, gave the

strength to rouse the sleeping household; and to get the children out was the work of a few minutes. Through the deep snow, and blinding smoke and storm, shelter was reached "saved, though as by fire," all but one little one, who had shrunk back from the cold and darkness, into the perilous shelter of the burning house; and yet,

"All safe with Him,
Yes, for our Robbie sings for Jesus now
In sweeter tones, with far more sunny brow,
And eyes no tears can dim,"

Much sympathy sprang forth towards us on every hand,—kind friends provided clothing, shelter, and food for the little ones, and ere a few weeks had passed, sufficient money had been sent in from loving Canadian hearts, to purchase a permanent freehold house, surrounded by more than three acres of ground.

So far from this interrupting the progress of the work, it served instead to attract sympathy and attention towards it, and during the year 1872 the work was still further enlarged by the opening of two other Homes,—one in Galt, for the western district, and one at Knowlton, P.Q., for the eastern part of Canada.

The Training Home for boys at Hampton, near London, superintended by Mr. and Mrs. Merry and Mr. George Thom, and the Girls' Home adjoining, cared for by Miss Geldard, were now taking in the rescued children, and preparing them for future usefulness on this side.

During this summer also we received our first party of Glasgow children. Mr. Quarrier, whose work among boys in the shoeblack brigade had already met with much success, wrote thus in 1872:—"I longed to help them more effect-

ually, and to bring more of the home and family influence to bear upon their life ; who was to do it, and how it was to be done, I did not at this time know. Miss M'Pherson's efforts for finding homes in Canada for children were brought under my notice, and I thought such a work should be commenced in Glasgow. After committing the work to God in prayer for means, and waiting three months, He sent the answer, and I was encouraged to go forward notwithstanding my own unfitness."

Mrs. Dr. Blaikie, also believing that emigration was the most effectual way of helping this class, opened a Home at 9 Lauriston Lane, Edinburgh, and sent her first party of children out this summer.

What, Marchmont gone !
That pleasant home, nought but a memory now ;
And yet, in humble thankfulness we bow,—
Father, Thy will be done.

It was but lent ;
Thou wilt not that Thy children fix their heart
On aught below : theirs is a better part—
A treasury unspent.

Still are its memories dear !
The maple shadows that around it lay
Stirred by the breezes from the silvery bay,
Or bathed in moonlight clear.

How fair were they !
Lovely when decked with earliest buds of spring ;
Loveliest when radiant autumn came to fling
A glory on each spray.

BRITISH CHILDREN IN CANADIAN HOMES.

O, home of praise and prayer !
 Where glad, sweet voices raised the morning hymn,
 I pleaded for blessing in the twilight dim,
 And thrilled the midnight air.

Can we forget
 The meetings and the partings we have known ?
 The welcome glad, the farewell's sadder tone,—
 Ah ! we remember yet.

S. R. GELDARD.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.

AS this may be read by some who are not well acquainted with the details of the work, a page or two about the children themselves, for whose benefit this work was begun, and on whose behalf so many prayers and so much labour have been bestowed, will be welcome. The histories of some of them best answer the numerous questions asked. As to where the children come from? What were their circumstances? In what kind of homes are they placed? And what are their prospects now, compared to their former ones?

If any of my readers have seen the touching account in "No Work, No Bread," by Hesba Stretton, of a father's death by starvation, in the wealthy city of London, and the rescuing of his two boys, "Andy" and "Bob," they would hardly recognise in the two photographs that lie before me the starved little fellows of other days. Andy called lately to see us, a strong healthy young man. "Can do almost anything on a farm." Invited him to remain to dinner, and we had a long chat over old times. He remembered vividly the standing on tip-toe looking into his father's coffin, as he lay in his last sleep, and the kindness of his brother Bob, who, being first taken into the refuge, used to save his slice of pudding and hand it up to Andy through the area grating. Asking Bob one day "what he would like best in the world?" he said, "Oh! for my little brother Andy to come here too." He was despatched to look for him, and a ragged dirty little fellow he brought back. Andy laughed heartily at the recollection of the cold bath it was necessary to give him. Bob is still in his first home, learning telegraphing, and writes "wondering if his old friend, Mr. Holland, could find any information about his little sister Katie, five years old when put into the workhouse."

Here is the letter of Arthur S. to his older brother Henry, showing how our prayers are answered for them, and how they may influence each other for good:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—I now take this pleasure of sitting down to let you know that I am well, and have a good home. My father and mother is good to me. I go to school; my teacher is good to me. I cypher in reduction descending. I read in the third book. I am learning geography. I write in the copy-book, and I would like to hear the same from you, for I think you must be ahead of

me. Henry, I now change the subject ; there has been a revival meeting going on in this place, and many souls have been saved, and I hope your soul is rejoicing in God, and in the knowledge of the living truth, and if not, I think it is high time to set about it ; for one, I know that it is a happier life than the life of sin, for I have tested and seen the goodness of salvation to my soul. Write soon, and let me know how you are getting along. Good-bye for this time.—I remain, your affectionate brother,

ARTHUR."

There is a touch of romance about the following history:—A little hearth-stone seller, Harry H., an account of whose early life is given in "Occasional Papers," No. V., came to Canada in 1871. His sister, M. A., followed him next year. A home was found for her near her brother, who lived a hundred miles back. A young farmer drove in for the child. Years passed on, and now he has made her his wife. She writes to me, Nov. 1878—"I have a little boy, which I and William love very much ; he is commencing to walk. We have named him Gustavus Adolphus. We are living on a farm of our own, being comprised of 250 acres. We had a pretty fair crop this year, and are doing well. We have cows, and oxen, and sheep. I make my own flannel and full cloth. I never regret I came to Canada. Harry is now working for William, and soon he is going to take him up a lot of land. William has promised to take me to N— next winter, and I will try and make you a visit. I hope the Lord will grant us health and strength for our work. Your faithful friend,

M. A. J."

A workhouse boy writes, Oct. 26th, 1878:—"I should have written before, but have been much occupied. I have been teaching three years now at E—. I am going to Toronto to school. I have succeeded well at the examina-

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tion, taking the highest number of marks in the county on some subjects. I had thought of being a doctor, but I think now I will be a grammar school teacher, as I have been very successful as a common school teacher. I hope to see you soon.—Yours respectfully, C. L."

Bright and hopeful as many of these cases are, there are others among our adopted little ones from whom we may expect still greater things.

The taking of children from earliest childhood, before the mind has got contaminated with the surrounding evil, has always been a special feature in our work. On this side they are lovingly adopted; take the name of the foster-parents, and soon pass as their own. *Their future* is yet unknown. Should another sketch be written ten years hence, what new tales it will have to tell! I remember well one as he came out eight years ago, a little bright, curly-headed four-year old. Mother dead, and father a soldier in India, suddenly struck down, and Willie left an orphan. A lady called at Marchmont—two loved daughters had been taken from her by fever. She felt impelled to take one to fill the void, and W. was chosen. When I visited her last summer, and saw Willie, now twelve years of age, so useful and manly, and so much thought of by all, a good scholar, and bright prospects before him in life, I thanked God, and took courage.

Some years ago I wrote the following in a paper, entitled "A Plea for the Little Ones":—

"Could you but see the little fair-haired delicate boy sitting on my knee while I write, I know your heart would warm to him as mine does. His mother died when he was three months old; his father, in a good position in the city, followed her six months after, and little Frankie, at two

years of age, is waiting for other parents in this new land to take him as their own. Shall he wait long? 'God setteth the solitary in families.'"

And we did not wait long; an earnest Christian lady and her daughter, in P——, sent for him—and never had child a better home. He grew strong and healthy, and very precocious. The last time I saw him he pointed to a roll of texts, saying proudly, "me can read now," and slowly read the words from John, iii., 16, "God so loved the world," adding, "Frankie loves God very much." His fond mother writes, "Before this illness he had attended church and Sunday school regularly, always taking great pleasure in bringing home his ticket, which he was anxious to learn at once. As he was constantly asking for something to do, we proposed he should gather up chips in the yard, tie them in bundles, and draw them in on his hand sleigh, receiving as a reward some cents for his Sunday school; he was delighted with this plan, and showed great honesty and industry in his work. When seized with his last illness (rheumatic fever), he was still the same gentle little fellow in the midst of all his suffering. The last Sunday he pleaded hard to go to Sunday school, but we were obliged to deny him. The next day, feeling too weak to play, he came up to me and said, 'me cannot play, me never can again.' How we longed for the spring time to come, but it never seemed more backward. Our darling sank rapidly; as he sat on his aunt's lap, seeing us crying, he looked in wonder, and said, 'why do you cry?' then with a sweet, yet dying smile all over his face, he said, 'me laugh.' We laid him quietly to rest on the bed, after half-an-hour's sleep he moved gently on to his knees as if in prayer. Soon precious little Frankie was ours no longer! His remains were carried by

BRITISH CHILDREN IN CANADIAN HOMES.

ARMED, TEXAS

six schoolmates, and laid in the quiet cemetery till the morning of the first resurrection."

FRANKIE.

Father and mother both were gone !
The orphan boy became our care—
A drooping fragile little one,
With silky waves of golden hair ;
We tried to cheer his lonely heart,
But still poor Frankie kept apart.

The summer sun was shining clear ;
He saw glad children round him play,
Kind voices sounded in his ear,
But piteously he still would say—
Grief darkening o'er his baby brow—
" Ah ! no one loves poor Frankie now."

Our Heavenly Father saw his tears,
Pitied the orphan's loneliness—
For still, 'mid angel's songs, he hears
The feeblest moanings of distress—
He bade His child the orphan take,
And love poor Frankie for His sake.

Beside the swift Otonabee
Our Frankie soon grew glad and gay—
His light step by its waves glanced free,
As dance its ripples in their play ;
No sadness left to cloud his brow,
For many loved dear Frankie now,

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Who loved him? Well he knew each name,
And blest them in his evening prayers.
Our speech his lips could barely frame,
But each dear name was mentioned there ;
And God our Father heard above
The names who blest His child with love.

Who loved him? Ask the little one.
"God loves me," Frankie loved to say ;
"He loves me, for He gave His son,
He died to put my sins away."
The sweet, soft voice lisped tenderly,
"Yes, I love God, for God loves me !"

He drooped, he faded day by day,
As sunset fades in darkening night !
Once he had wept, when all were gay,
Now while we wept, his smiles were bright ;
'Mid pain and sickness he would smile,
And know God loved him all the while.

"I laugh, for God sees Frankie now :"
Yes, perfect love had cast out fear ;
And shining o'er that infant brow
We saw the glory dawning clear—
"Don't cry, I laugh, I going home !
Uncle and auntie wont you come ?"

Wearied, he slept ; we watched him lie
Till in the hush there came a word.
We knew it ; for our darling boy,
As stirs a bird at dawning, stirred ;
Faintly he strove to kneel once more
With closed eyes, as oft before.

No sound, no sigh: the soul had flown
Straight to His Saviour's loving breast,—
Oh ! happy blessed little one,
Our Frankie's entered into rest ;
God loved and took our darling son,—
Father in Heaven ! Thy will be done.

S. R. G.

CHAPTER IV.

WAYS AND MEANS.

THE benefit received by Christ's Church through George Muller's illustrating the life of faith in the living God will never be fully known till seen in the light of eternity. How many weak and desponding Christians have taken fresh courage, and sustained themselves upon the word of Jehovah. "Ask and ye shall receive." "My God shall supply all your need." That He *does* supply is our daily testimony. He uses various instruments, and sends help in many different ways, but those who trust in Him shall never be ashamed. It may be but the gathering of an infant class, or the cheque of a banker, the dollar from an invalid widow, or a thank-offering for special blessing. It may be sent from the heart of Africa, or the far-off land of Australia. The

Lord has his stewards in every clime and age, and to them He will say—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me."

Our balance sheets, issued every year since the first fire, shew the way the money has come in and been expended. The balance, though small, on the right side. Sometimes the last dollar has been spent, and earnest prayer and strong faith needed, but ere long the answer is sent, and we can "thank Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that's to come."

Some time since, when our exchequer was low, and pantry and cellar empty, I felt depressed at the near approach of a party of children and so little in store for them. My weak faith received a rebuke that afternoon. A heavily laden waggon drove up, and I was informed by the kind-hearted driver, Mr. Scott, that its contents were all for the children, from friends in the township of Seymour. There were sacks of potatoes and other vegetables, barrels of flour, bags of apples, quantities of meat, pork, ham, butter, and groceries, sufficient to supply the need of the children for some time to come.

Working parties have been great sources of help to us. A few interested Christian women will unite together, and meeting one afternoon a week at each other's homes, make up much needed articles of clothing. In England and Scotland there is also much done in another way.—Young ladies making articles for sale, which bring a fair price in this country. Last summer, when visiting in the pretty town of P——, I was questioned in which way help could best be given. "Christian homes for little children is my greatest need," was my reply, and several excellent ones have opened up. "How can we further help?" so I told them

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of our present need.—Some boxes of useful and fancy articles made by loving hands in Croydon and Montrose lying unsold in the Home. Energetic friends took the matter up,—an empty store was engaged—united effort put forth—and, after a two days' sale, a cheque of \$126 was forwarded to me. So every gift and talent can be used by the Lord in His service, and we have the privilege of "making to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, which, when we fail, shall receive us into everlasting habitations."

My hands, my lips, each power within,
I fain would educate for heaven.

Here is the school where we are trained,
And here the lessons given.

I shall not die at death, nor shall
My part of life all useless be :
These powers within me, lodged by God,
Are for eternity.

My little garden-plot of life—
Though poor, must all be duly tilled ;
Its future is a vast unknown,
And I must see it filled.

I work that I may fitted be
For more than angels' work above ;
When of this life's strange mystery,
The meaning I shall prove.

By earthly discipline and toil
I sharpen these, my blunted powers,
For nobler work awaiting them
In vaster fields than ours.

And all this discipline of time,
The pain, the weariness, the strife,
Tells on my endless usefulness
In the unmeasured life.

What here I learn will one day tell ;
What I shall reap I now must sow ;
And nothing shall be lost of all
This varied life below.

A higher and more useful life
Above shall mine for ever be ;
And all that I have learned on earth
Shall then be used for Thee.

In higher service shall I then
These renovated powers employ ;
Work without weariness be mine,
And everlasting joy.

II. BONAR.

CHAPTER V.

1874.

A VISIT to the old country in the spring of 1874 only deepened my interest in the work, and my love to Canada and the Canadian people. In the intervals of visit

ing my relatives, I saw much of the misery and wretchedness in our large cities, and became more than ever impressed with the necessity of removing the children, if real good was to be accomplished. My visit to Glasgow was made specially interesting in seeing the success attending the labours of Messrs Moody and Sankey. The results of their practical teaching led to much effort being put forth among the out-cast. Mr. Quarrier's different labours of love, especially among the neglected children, were of great interest to me. Two Homes were now filled, and about 60 children sent annually to Canada. Mrs. Blaikie, in Edinburgh, and Mr. Muir, at Yardheads, Leith, were also labouring with much success in their different spheres. It was distressing to hear the sad, but only too true, story from many a child's quivering lip—"Mother dead, father gone, none to care for us now." Or worse still—"Mother in prison, and father drinking." Such tales of sin and sorrow we are thankful when the children are too young to understand; they often pass quickly from their minds, or are remembered faintly, like a troubled dream, amid the love and tenderness of their new homes.

Work so successful as ours proved to be, was not likely to go long without a challenge, and the English government, afraid of the efforts of a few women in thus saving children from a future life of want and crime, sent out an Inspector, whose report was decidedly unfavourable to our work and to Canada. A new country, recently recovered from the forest, every thing rough and ready, different manners and customs, he could hardly appreciate the change from willingly accepting charity, to the spirit of independence, which makes every man think himself as good as his neighbour. A land where honest labour is not yet looked down upon, possessed of

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vast resources, comparatively unknown, treasured up in the north west, and whose future will, in all probability, be a great one.

Oftentimes the question is asked at home—"Have you not got enough children? Are you not afraid of taking too many?" I answer—"We might be, if our children always *remained* children, but they grow men and women in their turn, and often apply for children to assist them." Within the last month I have had two applications from our former girls, now married and living in their own comfortable homes.—"Could I give them a little girl just for company, or to mind baby?" There is no more pleasing feature in this work than to visit the homes of the married children. To see the childish treasures brought out from England (but so few years ago) carefully hoarded.—A dead mother's photograph framed—the pledge card hanging up,—while the gift books are spread out on the parlour table. We have now over 60 children married, and it is a happy time for all, when the next generation are brought to be introduced to "Grand-mama!" Of course, having stood in the character of mother to the parents, how can I be otherwise than grandmother to their children? A bible is our usual gift to them, accompanied by earnest prayer, that the child may early belong to the Saviour, and become a jewel in His crown.

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MARCHMONT HOME, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SILVER LINING.

ON the 7th April, 1875, our faith was again severely tried. After three years pleasant sojourn in our new Home, which was built entirely of wood, it was consumed by fire, owing to a defective flue. Much mercy was mingled with this renewed trial. It happened at noon, when most of the furniture and valuable history-books could be saved; in the spring time, when temporary buildings were easily put up,

and the regular summer's work of distributing uninterruptedly carried on. In building our present (new) Home we have taken every reasonable precaution against this destructive element, and leave it in His hands who says :—"Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

The accompanying sketch will give the reader a good idea of the outside appearance of Marchmont Home. Given by the Canadian people for the benefit of our children brought across the Atlantic, it is held in trust for them by men of honoured name. This house is indeed the Lord's, given by Him to us in a very remarkable manner, and dedicated by us to Him for His work ; open to His servants, and to be used for His glory.

Much has been done in the way of altering and improving its surroundings. On one side there is a young orchard and vegetable garden ; on the other the children's play ground and paddock for horse and cow. In the front a flower garden, which the boys delight to weed and water in the summer evenings. A barn, coach house and stable, a wood shed and ice house ; a large summer school room and dormitory ; a wash house, with copper boiler ; a good sized yard, with swing and parallel bars, make our Home very complete in all respects.

We wish some of our "old country" friends could but spend one day with us, and become acquainted with its different branches of work—routine we cannot call it, for almost every day brings varied duties ; while the care and oversight of so large and widely scattered a family necessitates an amount of work almost impossible to describe.

First of all, you would enter the light, cheerful sitting-

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room, (table covered over with correspondence) where all business is transacted, visitors seen, etc. In a strongly built safe are kept six large volumes of "children's histories." Each page containing name and age of child, previous history, and yearly reports, with English and Canadian addresses of friends. Beside them stand two large albums containing from four to six hundred photographs of the children in different stages; sometimes when first admitted, with care-worn look and uncut hair, forming such a contrast to the well-dressed happy-looking children taken the following year to Canada. Next in Canadian clothes; then when grown up, when married; and soon "baby's picture" gives an additional interest to the group. On one side of the window stands the American organ, much used on Sundays, for we believe greatly in the softening influences of music, and teach all our children to sing. Hearts and homes have been sometimes given to them through their sweet singing of Sankey's hymns. Folding doors open into the dining-room, out of which there is a small conservatory. I know of no present more thought of by our children than a geranium or fuchsia, something with living interest they can watch over. The book-room, with shelves all round, contains gift books, tracts, and papers for distribution; oftentimes we send a parcel to a faithful minister living in a remote and recently settled district, where all publications are scarce.

Passing through double iron doors we come to the children's school-room and dining-room, closely hung with pictures and texts. Their bathroom, kitchen, and pantry opposite. Upstairs are the dormitories, light and airy, also bright with pictures, filled with rows of small iron beds covered with gay patchwork, or text quilts.

All their floors are painted, some once, some twice a-year,

which materially lessens the labour of scrubbing. The house is heated throughout by a hot air furnace.

And now for the day's work, probably our first visitors will be a farmer and his wife, enquiring about girls. "Have we a little one they could take as their own?" If we have not one, their application is entered; also the references from their minister; they are shown through the Home and told to apply in Spring. Then a boy comes in, tall, well-dressed, to have a little talk about his prospects; enjoys renewing acquaintance with old school-mates by looking over the album. A few words of advice and counsel, a present of a book or text, and he returns to his place cheered and encouraged. Then a farmer in his democrat drives up, and after tying his horses, he comes in—a little preliminary talk about the weather, crops, &c.—and he states his desire to have a boy; gives address and reference (we are always desirous to place our children in Christian homes where there is family prayer, regular attendance at church and Sunday school, not only trained for this world but for the next). The children, taught morning and afternoon by Mrs. Roberts, are summoned from school, and, as they file in one by one, take an anxious look at the new comer. There they stand, all wishful to be chosen and go to a new and untried home. "What can you sing boys?" "Sweet Bye-and-bye," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "What a Captain," "Pull for the Shore." We select one, the lads sing it heartily; meanwhile the farmer is studying the different countenances, and after a little conversation he chooses one. The others go away rather disappointed. Then a double agreement* is read and signed. The little fellow in great ex-

* To attend Church and Sunday school regularly.

Also Day school.....months in the year.

Should it be necessary in any case for the child to be returned to the Home,

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citement, gets hands and face washed, best clothes on, his red box locked, and off he goes to make trial of a new life.

The morning bag of letters must be opened and read. What a variety of interests are here represented as we open one after another! An anxious mother enquires for her boy; a friend encloses a "tenth"; an employer complains of Thomas's idleness; several write for information about the work; a girl enquires about her sister, and so on, there being a large addition on English mail days, all involving much labour with the pen.

Again, another buggy drives up containing one of the married girls and her husband; if it is the first visit he has paid; she takes great pleasure in showing him over her former home, while he on his part is pleased to find she has such respectable acquaintances.

Every Thursday afternoon during the winter months our Belleville Working Society meets, under the superintendence of Mrs. Elliot, to sew for the children. We need a constant stock of clothes on hand, for those not doing well seldom bring back a large wardrobe. We gather either at Marchmont or in each other's houses, and for hours the needles are rapidly plied. Letters, reports, and books of Christian work being read aloud keep the members interested. A plain bread and butter tea (so as to give little trouble or expense to the entertainer) is handed round at six o'clock, while about

notice of this must be sent a fortnight beforehand. The clothes must also be sent back in good condition, and the same number.

Employers are requested to see that the children write occasionally to their friends, also that they communicate with us in event of sickness, and in no case to allow the child to go into another family without our permission.

We reserve to ourselves the right of removing any child if we see fit, or on these conditions not being fulfilled.

Signed,.....

Signed,.....

eight other friends collect, and the weekly Bible reading is held, which has been a help and comfort to many.

I must not omit mentioning one of our rooms is called the "Evangelist's room." We have had the privilege of entertaining many devoted Christians under our roof, and have felt the Master Himself has been often present with us.

Sunday is always a happy quiet day. The little ones feel bigger and of more consequence in their best clothes, and are invited into the parlour, where they sing hymns till church time. Then two and two, each with a cent in pocket, march along to morning service. In the afternoon the older children gather round the parlour table for a Bible lesson, while the younger are taught the "same sweet story of old" in the school-room; then all join for more music and singing.

After tea, the older ones go again to church, and the little ones happily to bed.

English sisters, rich and gifted !

Ask your hearts, can this be true ?

Christ hath many a homeless orphan,

Is He saying this to *you* ?

"Take this child and nurse it for Me:"

Will you dare to say Him nay ?

Dare to let His children perish,

Or in evil paths to stray ?

If too stately are your dwellings,

Send them hither, let them come

In our fair Canadian homesteads,

Gladly we will make them room.

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Room, where orchard boughs are dropping
Fruit that waits their hands to pull ;
Room to rest, and room to labour,
Room in home, in church, in school.

When the Winter snow lies sparkling,
They shall share our Winter joys ;
Tinkling bells, and merry sleigh-ride,
With our laughing girls and boys.

When our maple pours its nectar
They shall share the luscious treat ;
Where the woodland strawb'ries cluster,
Glad shall stray their little feet.

When our Sabbath scholars gather,
They shall join the joyous throng ;
Sweet will sound their English voices
'Mid the burst of children's song.

Sisters, shall we share the blessing ?
Bring the lambs to Jesu's fold ?
Ours are homes of peace and plenty,
To *your* hands He gives the gold.

S. R. G.

CHAPTER VII.

WORK AT HOME.

IN March 1876 Miss M'Pherson wrote—"Hitherto we have received children from the co-operating Homes in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, but after this year do not feel that we can take the responsibility of doing so. We still hope to receive children suitable for adoption whom we purpose keeping longer in our training Home at Galt." "This being the case, Knowlton Home is now occupied by children brought out from Liverpool by Mrs. Birt, while Marchmont continues under the sole management of Miss Billbrough for the use of children from Scotland."—*The Christian*, August 1878.

After four years' absence, I again paid a visit to my native land, in the Spring of 1878, receiving a warm welcome from my father and mother and other relatives and friends. As I gazed on the crowded public houses and the distressing scenes of want and misery everywhere, I could not but praise God for the many that had been snatched as "brands from the burning." The work in Glasgow had developed largely since my previous visit. Besides the two Homes at Cessnock and Newstead, a large mission centre had been built in James Morrison Street, where homeless working lads can find a home, and young women a shelter, till placed in respectable situations. On the ground floor is a capacious hall in which evangelistic services are held during the

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winter; many sad and needy souls assemble here, and listen to the words of life from such as Joshua Poole, Henry Holloway, George Williams, William Groves, and William Day. In this building gather daily the numerous applicants wanting help; as Mr. Quarrier writes—"Monday, 22nd, Afternoon, at City Home.—A good many cases to-day—took in two children—their mother had left a brutal husband in Cuba—was sent home by Consul, had got lower and lower till she had to sleep out with her children. Temporary help given to some; lines for a convalescent home, etc., to others; took a boy in who had previously given us some trouble, has a very drunken mother. 31st.—We have had a busy week as usual at the City Home. The distress around is very great, and numbers are coming, from various causes, wanting help. We have taken in a few more for Canada, whom we have sent for training to the Orphan Homes of Scotland, Bridge of Weir—the other two Homes being full."

When we reflect that all this is carried on in daily dependence upon God, that no one is called upon for help, and yet that over £9700 has been contributed voluntarily during this past year, we are constrained to say, "What hath God wrought?"

The Emigration Home in Edinburgh, though not conducted on so large a scale, is quietly and effectually rescuing annually a number of young children for whom no man cares. I do indeed feel thankful for such a disinterested persevering fellow-worker as Mrs. Blaikie; though surrounded by many family and social ties she yet finds time to superintend and provide for the wants of the Home in Lauriston Lane.

A few weeks slipped pleasantly away seeing friends in Kirkcaldy, Montrose, Aberdeen, and the north of England.

Soon the time came to bid farewell to loved ones at home, and to return to the life given me in Canada.

Our party of eighty children, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Quarrier, left Glasgow, May 2nd.; prayer was heard on our behalf, and a prosperous voyage granted. It was amusing to hear the different remarks of the new comers as we sailed up the river St. Lawrence. "What curious wooden houses!" "There are no hedges!" "What large hats the men wear!" The sidewalks of wood also attracted their attention, and the prolonged shriek of the railway engine was likened to the groan of a dying cow. The children attract great attention along the route, especially by the singing of their sweet hymns in their broad Scotch accent. I have seen the eyes of many careless on-lookers fill with tears as they looked at little orphan children coming so far to find a home among strangers; and yet not strangers long, for home is reached at last, a loving sister and faithful workers come forth to welcome us, and soon we are in the midst of a busy summer's work.



CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

IN glancing over the benefits which this work has been permitted to accomplish, we see they are not limited to the children alone.

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Many opportunities are given for taking the Gospel message into the distant villages and back settlements, as well as into the different families who take the little ones.

Our fellow-helpers in watering others are themselves enriched, and go forth to labour in more extended spheres. Much blessing has attended the earnest quiet efforts of our well-known friends, Miss Geldard and Miss Mudie, in many parts of this Dominion.

One active Christian who came on a passing visit remained helping us for over a year, he returned to study at C. H. Spurgeon's College, London, and is now a devoted preacher of the Gospel.

Another young man who took his place in superintending our boys has entered the Wesleyan Church, and is at present assistant minister on a circuit not far from this.

And again our prayers constantly ascend for S. A., four years a teacher in the Glasgow Home, now labouring

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,"

seeking to win souls for his Master among the benighted Kaffirs.

Believing as we do that no work for Christ shall lose its reward, that according to our faithfulness to the trust committed to us here so shall our future recompense be, therefore we esteem it an untold privilege to be engaged actively in His service.

However, it is not all sunshine, sometimes discouragements will come, and from quarters least expected. Still we must not suffer ourselves to lose hope, boys who are unsatisfactory between the ages of twelve and sixteen often

work has been
re not limited to

learn lessons by sad experience, and take warning in time; others again who have done well for years may fall into evil company and bad habits.

Hope on, trust on, must be our motto. Here is a letter about one, a troublesome little fellow from whom I expected very little. His adopted father writes—"G. is a very steady good boy indeed, sober, honest, and industrious, a good worker and trustworthy. We are all much attached to him through his kind ways. He takes great interest in farming and care of farm stock. I feel a great interest in him, as I hope to make him in two years more my managing man. I let my farm (during my absence) to my son, who has acted very badly towards me. In two years more I hope G. will attain that practical knowledge, care, and management to undertake the whole off my hands. I hope to bring him to call on you before Spring, he has long wished to see you, and thank you personally."

Notwithstanding the hardships and want of care which many of the children have experienced in early days, taken as a whole, they are remarkably healthy. Fresh air, and exercise, nourishing food, and proper clothing, soon tell favourably upon them. In eight years we have only had six deaths in the Home, and these mostly from consumption inherited from parents. Some have died in their places, receiving loving care and attention from those around.

Our severe winters, so much dreaded by the poor relatives at home, are the times of the greatest enjoyment to the boys; when with thick ulsters, fur caps, woollen comforters, mits, and top boots, they sally forth for a sleigh ride, or to skate on the lake. The ground being so badly frozen and covered with snow, necessitates all gardening and agricultural operations to cease till Jack Frost retires about March or April.

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The children generally spend the four winter months attending schools, which are free to all, and where they can obtain an excellent education.

The question is often asked, "Do your children all turn out well?" By no means, no more than in private families; *all* children are not a credit, perfection is not found on earth, and those who look for it in children will no more find it there than in themselves.

As this little book may, perhaps, be read by some of our young people, I must say a few words to them specially.

Dear children, you can never realise the care and anxiety it has been for us to watch over you. The many heart-aches we have had when some of you have acted wrongly, and left your places. You little know how many prayers have been daily offered up for you, that you may be kept safe from temptation in your loving Saviour's arms. And not only in this Home does daily prayer go up for you, but from your earliest friends, those who remember you though you may forget them. Mr. Holland, Miss McPherson, Mr. Quarrier, Mrs. Blaikie, Mr. Muir, are still pleading that God will bring each of you to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, as your own personal Saviour. Nothing short of this will satisfy Him or us.

Some of your faces I seldom see, but I am always glad to answer your letters, and if ever you find it convenient to visit Marchmont, with your friends' approval, you will be welcome.

There are some things I wish to warn you against in this country. One is, the constant habit of changing places. After eight years experience I find the boys who change places oftenest are the worst off, while those who remain in their situations, even though they may have difficulties, do far

better in the long run, they are respected by their neighbours, and generally have something to their credit in the Saving's Bank.

I do trust and believe most of you have kept your temperance pledge; you know better than I can tell you the evil of drink and tobacco in this country; do, dear boys, take my earnest advice and have nothing to do with either one or the other.

Some children get careless about going to church or Sunday school, even forget to read their Bibles or pray to Jesus morning and evening; these are the means by which God often sends us rich blessings. Sometimes you neglect to write to your friends, and then I receive anxious letters wanting to know what is the matter with you, and I have to answer that you are doing well, but careless about letter writing. Some of you have lost your friends' addresses and therefore cannot write, others again have no relations to write to, but ever remember you can have a friend in the I. o. Jesus, who sticketh closer than a brother, and that steady, good conduct will gain you the favour of all around.

Again, don't waste your money. Some of you work hard for it, then throw it away foolishly. Begin to save it, never mind if but one dollar at a time, it soon grows in the bank, and it only burns a hole if kept in your pocket.

And now that quite a number of the older ones are getting into comfortable homes of their own, let me urge you to have reading and family prayer daily, that your children may grow up in a Christian household. Take Joshua's motto as yours, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." Never partake of a meal without asking God's blessing; begin right at the beginning; it is harder to make the change afterwards.

When I accepted A. P's. invitation to tea lately in her

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pleasant little house, she told me that her husband never went out to his business without reading a few verses and prayer. The large Bible lay on the side-board ready for morning and evening use. "May the Lord bless them and keep them, and make His face to shine upon them."

Ever believe, dear children, that we think of you with constant love and affection, through all your ups and downs, your trials and successes. We gladly spend our lives for you. Is it too much to ask for your love and well-doing in return?

Several from among you have already gone on before, and we look forward to the joy of meeting them and you, and singing together around the throne when all earth's labours are ended, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. To Him be glory and dominion for ever."

Father, our children keep!

We know not what is coming on the earth.

Beneath the shadow of thy heavenly wing,

Oh, keep them, keep them; thou who gav'st them birth.

Father, draw nearer us!

Draw firmer round us thy protecting arm.

Oh! clasp our children closer to thy side,

Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

BALANCE SHEETS OF THE "MARCHMONT HOME," BELLEVILLE, CANADA, FROM 1872 TO 1878.

29TH JANUARY 1872 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1872.

Dr.			Cr.
To Balance in hand 29th Jany. 1872, ..	\$280 69	By current House Expenses, including keep of Horse and Cow, Clothing, Traveling, etc., ..	\$2068 32
„ Donations by children, ..	215 39	„ Salary—Five Quarters—Visiting Agent, ..	364 0
„ E. A. B. and friends' Board at "The Home," ..	172 86	„ Postage, Telegrams, Express, ..	178 13
„ Donations and Sale of Books, ..	103 44	„ Wood and Coals, ..	200 50
„ Special Donations towards Purchase and Furniture of New Home, ..	4000 0	„ Sundry other expenses at time of Fire, ..	337 90
„ Remittances from Miss M'Pherson, England, ..	2430 94	„ On account of Purchase and Furnishing New Home, ..	4000 0
Examined and found correct, (Sgd.) BILLA FLINT.		„ Balance in hand 31st Dec. 1872, ..	114 47
(..) T. JAMES CLANTON, Auditors.			
	<u>\$7263 32</u>		<u>\$7263 32</u>

31ST DECEMBER 1872 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1873.

To Balance in hand 31st Dec. 1872, ..	\$114 47	By Food, including keep of Horse and Cow, ..	\$1149 71
„ Donations by children, ..	320 83	„ Current House Expenses, ..	605 80
„ Contributions in Canada and England, ..	1402 65	„ Wages and Salary—Visiting Agent, ..	427 40
„ E. A. B. and friends' Board at "The Home," ..	308 0	„ Postage, Telegrams, Express, ..	199 13
„ Remittances from Miss M'Pherson, England, ..	1709 79	„ Children, Travelling, Clothing, &c., ..	331 96
Examined and found correct, (Sgd.) BILLA FLINT.		„ Coals and Wood, ..	118 80
		„ New Stables, Coachhouse, and Winter Dormitories, ..	996 56
		„ Balance in hand, ..	26 38
	<u>\$3553 74</u>		<u>\$3935 74</u>

"MARCHMONT HOME,"
TO 1878.

BALANCE SHEETS OF THE "MARCHMONT HOME," BELLEVILLE, CANADA, FROM 1872 TO 1878.

31ST DECEMBER 1873 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1874.

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... ..	\$2068 33
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of Purchase and	
g New Home,	4000 0
and 31st Dec.	
... ..	114 47
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Dr.	
To Balance in hand 31st Dec.	
1873,	\$26 38
Donations by children, ...	150 95
Lo from A. M'Pherson for	
Children's Expenses on	
"Prussian" s.s.,	48 60
Contributions from England	
for Dormitory, Hospital,	
etc.,	768 59
Contributions in Canada,	
etc.,	798 16
E. A. B. and friends' Board	
at "The Home,"	302 64
Remittances from Miss	
M'Pherson,	1216 65
Examined and found correct,	
(Sgd.) BILLA FLINT.	
	<u>\$3311 97</u>

Cr.	
By Food, including keep of	
Horse,	\$1293 59
Current House Expenses,	556 29
Postage, Telegrams, Ex-	
press,	158 29
Wages,	76 50
Travelling, and Children's	
Clothing,	275 71
Coals and Wood,	186 0
Boy's Dormitory, Hospital,	
Furnishing do., and Fence,	762 59
Balance,	3 0

BER 1873.

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Cow,	\$1149 71
se Expenses,	605 80
Salary—Visit-	
... ..	427 40
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od,	118 80
Couchhouse,	
Dormitories,	996 56
nd,	26 38
	<u>\$3935 74</u>

31ST DECEMBER 1874 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1875.

To Balance in hand 31st Dec.	
1874,	\$3 0
Donations by children, ...	20 0
Contributions from Friends,	448 5
E. A. B.—Board at "The	
Home,"	150 0
Remittances from Miss	
M'Pherson,	2303 31
Received towards New	
Home and Insurance, ...	5113 36
Examined and found correct,	
(Sgd.) BILLA FLINT.	
	<u>\$8037 72</u>

By Food, including keep of	
Horse and Cow,	\$1223 60
House Expenses, and Tem-	
porary Building,	976 12
Postage, Telegrams, Ex-	
press,	156 57
Wages,	75 50
Children's Travelling and	
Clothing,	303 65
Coals and Wood,	278 17
Paid on Account towards	
New Home,	5017 11
Balance,	5 0

BALANCE SHEETS OF THE "MARCHMONT HOME," BELLEVILLE, CANADA, FROM 1872 TO 1878.

31ST DECEMBER 1875 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1876.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance in hand 31st Dec. 1875.	\$5 0	By Food, including Keep of Horse and Cow. . .	\$1411 72
„ Donations by children. . .	15 0	„ House Expenses. . .	938 88
„ Contributions from Friends in Canada.	935 20	„ Postages, Telegrams, and Express.	192 26
„ Contributions from Friends in England.	1621 83	„ Wages.	52 0
„ E. A. B. and friends' Board at "The Home," . . .	375 0	„ Children's Travelling Expenses and Clothing. . .	448 30
„ Remittances from Mr. Quarrier.	483 17	„ Coals and Wood. . . .	158 70
„ Remittances from Miss M'Pherson.	1070 66	„ Completion of New Home. . .	1301 0
Examined and found correct, (Sgd.) WM. J. SHANKS, Accountant.		„ Balance.	4 0
	<u>\$4506 86</u>		<u>\$4506 86</u>

31ST DECEMBER 1876 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1877.

To Balance in hand 31st Dec. 1876,	\$4 0	By Food, including keep of Horse and Cow,	\$1442 0
„ Donations by Children,	52 50	„ House Expenses,	811 86
„ E. A. B. and friend's Board at "The Home,"	400 0	„ Postage, Telegrams, and Express,	215 72
„ Contributions from English Friends,	949 91	„ Salary and Wages,	183 0
„ Contributions from Canadian Friends,	1061 94	„ Children's Clothing, and Travelling Expenses,	548 1
„ Remittances from Miss M'Pherson,	968 63	„ Coals and Wood,	168 25
„ Remittances from Mr. Quarrier,	484 62	„ Home Alterations and Repairs,	331 12
Examined and found correct, (Sgd.) WM. J. SHANKS, Accountant.		„ Insurance and Taxes,	218 54
		„ Balance,	3 10
	<u>\$3921 60</u>		<u>\$3921 60</u>

MONT HOME,"
1878.

BALANCE SHEETS OF THE "MARCHMONT HOME," BELLEVILLE, CANADA, FROM 1872 TO 1878.

1876.

Cr.

31ST DECEMBER 1877 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1878.

Dr.

Cr.

g Keep of
ow, .. \$1411 72
s, .. 938 88
grams, and
.. 192 26
.. 52 0
elling Ex-
othing, .. 448 30
.. 158 70
New Home, 1301 0
.. 4 0

To Balance 31st December,
1877, .. \$3 10
.. Contributions received in
Canada, .. 689 21
.. Contributions received from
personal Friends in England, 1213 88
.. Board — E. A. B. and
Friends, .. 296 60
.. Remittances from Mr. Wm.
Quarrier, Glasgow, .. 967 66

By Food, including keep of
Horse and Cow, .. \$874 53
.. House Expenses, .. 533 99
.. Postage, Telegrams, and
Express, .. 229 56
.. Salary and Wages, .. 335 89
.. Children's Clothing, and
Travelling, .. 491 87
.. Coals, Wood, and Taxes, .. 217 79
.. Improvements, Repairs, etc., 476 5
.. Balance, .. 10 77

\$3170 45

\$3170 45

\$4506 86

1877.

g keep of
ow, .. \$1442 0
s, .. 811 86
grams, and
.. 215 72
ges, .. 183 0
thing, and
xpenses, .. 548 1
.. 108 25
ns and Re-
.. 331 12
Taxes, .. 218 54
.. 3 10

\$3921 60



A. BEVERIDGE, PRINTER, KIRKCALDY.